Figured finnel, with smocked surah guimpe, is the material used for the dress of the largest school girl in the above group. The comfortable ulster with cape is of heavy twified cheviot, with a hat of rough felt. The little sister wears a warm camel's hair or eiger-down finnel coat, made with tucks and plaits, and a dainty shirred bonnet of silk, with doubled ruilles. The tot above shows the front of this bonnet, while the other two heads show the front and back of a pretty embroidered cashmere hood.

## WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.

A STORY FOR THEM\_SOME MORE PUZZLES TO BOLVE.

One of Father Time's Small People Sends Him a Story-A Very Clever Puzzle by Another-Facts Coming In.

The Dead Dolly.

Tou needn't be trying to comfort me, I tell you my dolly is dead—
There's no use in saying she isn't with a crack like that in her head;
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth pulled that day—

day—
then when the man most pulled my
head off you hadn't a word to say.

and I guess you must think I'm a baby when you say you can mend it with

as if I didn't know better than that-why,

fust suppose it was you!

You might make her look all mended,
but what do I care for looks?

Why, sues for chairs and tables and toys
and the backs of books.

but since the darling is dead she'll want to be buried, of course,
we will take my little wagon, nurse, and

you shall be the horse, and Til walk behind and cry, and we'll put her in this, you see, that dear little box, and we'll bury her then out under the maple tree.

and papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird, he'll put what I tell him on it, yes, every single word; I shall say-"Here lies Hildegarde, a beau-

tiful doll who is dead,

She died of a broken heart and a dreadful crack in the head."

# KATIE'S VALENTINE.

(By M. G. Woodhull.) It was recess in the village school of

Fairley, and the day being cold and disagreeable, only a few of the scholars had ventured out of doors.

The boys and girls were scattered about

the school room in groups of three and four; the teacher was busy explaining for the third time a sum in Long Division

to a dull pupil.

The only solitary figure in the room was that of a pale-faced little humpbacked girl who sat at her desk turning over the

with both small ears to the eager, merry chatter of the nearest group of girls.

Katie Owen was an orphan, who six months before had been unwillingly received into the home of her father's step-sleter, who gave the child scant care and leaves and any or was proposed in the second state. less love, and sad enough was poor little

But as if this was not sufficient to make her life miserable from the first hour she entered the school, her days had been filled with childish misery, and so shrinking and uncomplaining was the child, her not very observing teacher failed to see daily persecutions Katie Was forced to

ndure.
"It's the 12th, girls, only one day more efore Valentine's day," said a clear What fun it will be!" exclaimed a

"How many valentines did you get last year, Mabel?" asked pretty Rose Horner,

the first speaker.

the first speaker.

"Forgot now, but some of them were just beauties." was the reply.

"I got nine, and expect more this year." said Rose, exuitantly with a toss of her chestnut curls. Then rudely pointing her finger in Katie Owen's direction, she said with voice but slightly lowered "I guess, girls, she never saw a valentine; nobody will aver love her—urly, cross, crooked lli ever love her-ugly, cross, crooked

little Katle's expense, and Mabel Blake shrugged her plump shoulders in quite the approved French fashion.

A sharp pang went through Katie's heart as the cruel speech reached her ears. "Nobody will ever love me," she said to herself; "O I wish I was dead." and great hot tears welled up in the child's sad gray eyes, but hastily brushing them saide, she lifted her desk-lid so that the laughing girls might not see. Rose Horner's heartless words had reached the ears of one whom she had not meant should hear—a boy who had quite lately come to live in Fairley, whose polite manly ways had already won the respect of every one of his schoolmates.

Even Rose Horner and Mabel, the brightest, pretitest girls in the 'school, thought it a special honor to have Roy Fulton invite them to go sledding or to have him strap on their skates. Up to that moment Roy had liked both the girls, and told his mother they were "nice and lady-like, but lots of fun too"; now he turned away with a feeling of disgust, for with all his manliness, or rather because of it, he had a warm heart and could not bear to hurt anybody's feel-

id not bear to hurt anybody's feel-

as Roy turned a cold shoulder on the

mother and son should be, put their heads

mother and son should be, put their heads together, and what resulted from this wise partnership we shall learn.
"It was so mean, mother," said her son, "and I den't think Rose Horner is half as pretty as I did at first."

Between them they came to the conclusion that if Kate Owen had never received a valentine she should have one this Valentine's Day—one that would somewhat comfort her forlorn little heart. "Mother," said Roy abruptly and in a

"Mother," said Roy abruptly and in a disturbed tone of voice, "maybe nobody does love Katie, or never will; she isn't a bit pretty, or—"
"Poor little thing," said Mrs. Felton; "Christ loves her, of that we may be support

"Why yes, mother; let's make up a valentine; it would be all right to say Some-body loves you, wouldn't it?"

The mother smilingly nodded her head; five minutes later Roy rushed out of the house, made a few hurried purchases, and was back some time before his mother ooked for him.

Between the two a dainty valentine was

put together, and Roy ate his supper with an extra relish after his new and interest-

ing labors.

The morning of "the 14th" dawned ('ear and cold; it had snowed steadily for some hours the night before, so that the day was one to make good "St. Valentine" and was one to make good "St. Valentine" and all his followers feel jolly and glad. Roy was out of bed good and early, a d had shovelled a path from the kitchen door to the pump for the cook before his mother came down stairs; and his cheeks were like two rosy apples when she pressed a fond motherly kiss, first on one, then upon the other—a pietty little way of hers, and to which Roy had been accustomed since his baby days.

tomed since his baby days.

"Haven't I been smart, mother? Now for some smoking buckwheats and maple syrup; then I must be off with our valentine," he said with a pleased boyish

Roy Felton was the first to enter the school-room that morning, as he of course meant to be; and after slipping a white away, as if nothing short of a detective were on his track, and cutting across the fields, was soon as home again.

At a quarter to nine that 14th day of February, seven or eight girs, among them Rosa Horner and her inseparable companion, Mabel Blake, entered the school-room; five minutes later Katie Owen came in, and was followed almost

Owen came in, and was followed almost immediately by three or four of the older boys, headed by Roy Fenton.

As soon as Roy entered, without in the least seeming to, he kept a sharp lookour in Katie Owen's direction; he saw the sa' face and drooping head, and felt truly sorry for the child. After taking off her wraps, Katie went slowly to her desk; as soon as she lifted the lid she spied the big white envelope, which she eagerly setzed with one small trembling hand.

the big white envelope, which she eagerly seized with one small trembling hand.

Roy thought she never would open it; it seemed joy enough for the astonished child just to lovingly finger the dainty white envelope, but at last he saw her open it with a very small, very dull pehknife; and then he was fully repaid for all his kind thought, and even the loss of a skate on the pond the afternoon before; Katie's face was lighted up with surprise Katle's face was lighted up with surprise and delight, and for the first time in a long, long while, her cheeks were pret-tily flushed. She sat before her desk bewildered, entranced; tenderly holding the dainty missive of blue and white and gold, wondering O! so hard, where it had come from; who could have sent it!

After a moment or two, Katle thought to turn over the page to see what was within, and as she read the words plainly printed in lovely gold letters, the child's heart grew light. The golden letters were

Somebody loves you, of this be sure With love unfailing, that shall endure.

."It must be true, it must be true," the happy child told herself. Soon everybody knew that Katie had "a beautiful valen-tine," with "just the sweetest poetry;" and for once poor little humpbacked Katle heard no taunts, nor did any one attempt to mar her joy.

Katle never found out who sent her valentine, though she wondered very often. Roy thought somehow her face wore a happier look from that Valentine's day; anyway, it was the beginning of better times for the child. Six weeks after the happy day when she held her first valentine in her hand are used the mather's only better.

mother's only brother, came home, after five years of roving about the vortal at finding his dear sister dead, and her little Katie so lonely and forlorn, they went to housekeeping together.

To-day, five years later, Katie Owen is a happy-hearted girl of seventeen, who in thinking of others almost forgetn that she is not tall and straight like other girls, and she knows now that she has girls, and she knows now that she has somebody to love her, for nobody could have a more affectionate uncle in the whole wide world.

Rose Horner never found out why Roy Felton ceased to show her the little at-tentions she had liked so much; perhaps if she had learned the true reason then, she might to-day be less thoughtless and selfish.

Roy Felton is a Princeton Sophomore, and is still noted for his manly ways and kind heart.

As Roy turned a cold shoulder on the thoughtless girl his quick eyes saw poor Katis deing her best to hide her hurt feelings and falling tears.

"It's a downright shame," thought Roy; one of Father Time's Little Folks, and one of Father Time's Little Folks, and only eleven years old. It was accompanied by a pleasant little note that describe then the bell rang, and a moment later silence reigned in the school-room.

When Roy reached home that afternoon to told his mother what had taken place at school that day, and the two, who were the best friends in the world, as every you could have easily found out from the transport of a beautiful, unselfish character, which you could have easily found out from the

"We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood

250 to 350 feet. "Now," rocky would never aprly to either of them, and besides they

make some impression on George. But George begins to sing-let us not linger over that painful time, sufficient to say the three children who have been moved out in the wing, so that the talking (they never anticipated anything like this) will not been home away also that the pursery

never anticipated anything like this) will not keep them away, also that the nursery may be used for the gentlemen's dressing room, by this time they set up the most awful howis, evidently not liking a rival in the field, and nurse, who has gone down to help put things away—this only refers to the eatables—goes flying back. Mr. Jolly, an old gentleman, becomes violently choked, leaves the room and a great many friends with him, more than necessary I think, at least the last ten could never even have the pleasure of

could never even have the pleasure of hitting him in the back. Dick and I soon

take our departure after this. "Mamma is suffering with a headache you know, and we don't like to leave her any longer." George says he is not going just yet as

they want him to sing again. As we drive home, Dick remarks on the fullness of the far end of the conservatory. • • But James has just come up to say

breakfast is served, and the young gen-tismen have been waiting for fifteen minutes for me. So I did get them up

A Problem in Threes.

And if each little house had three little

And if each little maid had three little

If three little houses stood in a row, With never a fence to divide,

At play in the garden wide,

(Three times three times three).

With whom she loved to play,

dells dresses and ribbons gay,

How many guests would there be?

Eudora S. Bumstead in 'he School Re-

Look ut for the Bear.

eleven months holds as much significance and suggestiveness, and has so many things to boast of as little February. It may well be proud of its honors, and I do not wonder that every four years it

holds its head a little higher than ever. It has the dignity of giving a birthday to

It has the dignity of giving a birthday to three great and distinguished men: Washington, Lincoln and our beloved poet Longfellow. Then St. Valentine's day comes in this month, and young hearts are made happy and joyous by the tender little missives his messenger, Cupid, carries. It is the time, too, the poets tell us, when birds seek their mates, which intimates that spring is advancing. Truly some days in February seem to give us a taste of spring, they are so mild and baimy, and we are almost deceived into believing the season is really here. Lent (which means spring) begins in this month also, and you know that is a preparation for the glorious Easter, the most blessed of all the spring days. But Feb-

"If the day be bright and clear There's be two winters in the year,"

he takes heart and a walk, for-

Children mine, children mine, Here's to each a valentine Telling of my love to you, Ever tender, ever true.

May I be your valentine, Children mine, children mine?

Children mine, children mine,
Here's my heart-it's long been thi
If I give it, dears, to you,
Will you give yours to me, too?
Then, O then, sweet children mine
You will be my valentine.

When I'm a man I'm going to be

Exactly like my pa. I'm going to eat hot cakes for tea,

And smoke a big cigar.

And won't it be the greatest fun
When I'm as big as he,
To have a lovely little son
In all respects like me!

-Gaston V. Drake.

arried an umbrella?

but if, perchance, he finds it cloudy, then

"If the day be dark and drear, Spring is very nearly here."

So you see, children, how much February has to be proud of.

P. S.—The bear has been out and taken a walk, I presume, for it was a very cloudy and stormy day on the 2d; at least in New York. I wonder if his majesty

after all.

cats

friends

grets,

easonable in It.

in it."-George Eliot.

way he treated the smaller boys of his class. Ever kind and generous, he never let an opportunity slip for doing a kind act to ward any poor little street urchin like nimself. Lefa an orpfan at the tender age of six, he had struggled with poverty and ill words like a man sleening erty and ill words like a man sleeping out of doors in the most severe weather and begging for bread in the day, only to be passed by or turned away. His eyes were bright and full of intelligence, and his hair was golden, and hung in ringlets about his neck. His face, I am very sorry to say, was never very clean, and his hair looked matted and tangled as if it had never been combed. Poor fel-low, I wonder if he ever feit a mother's gentle fingers running through his soft hair, or a mother's kiss upon his fore-

street looking unus ally sad, for it had been a very dreary day to him; people had seemed more cress and uninterested than usual, and he was hungry, for he had gone without anything to eat since early morn-ing, and then he had only a few scraps, and that left from the day before, when he saw a pale little newsboy roughly thrown down by a burly policeman, who was in a hurry to reach a passing carriage. The little fellow was so badly hurt that e coud not walk, and when Benny asked him where he lived, he only pointed to an

alley and faintly whispered: "Fourth story, second tenement house." Benny called to some men, who were vorking near, and had him removed to

his attic room.

But who had been watching this kind But who had been watching this kind act? It was a lady and her little girl, who were slitting on the porch of a handsome dwelling-house opposite the scene I have been describing. They had seen everything—the policeman's cruelty and Bennie's kind deed.

nie's kind deed.

"Mamma," said the little girl, "can't we do something for that little boy? His clothes are very ragged and his face is dirty, and then he was so kind to that poor little newsboy. Cannot we let him run'the errands for the cook? Please, mamma," pleaded the little one, "I know he will do right." he will do right."

"I shall think over it, darling." said the mother, "but now it is time you were taking your walk. I will speak to your father about it, and tell you what he says to-morrow." That evening after tea Mrs. Leslie (for

that was her name) told her husband the incident that had so filled their little daughter Josle with love and pity. "I think," said she, "we could put him in some easy work, and then he would have a home and some one to watch over

him."
"Well," said Mr. Leslie, "I will let him be my errand boy—that is, if he wishes it and does not loiter on the way when sent on an errand."

when sent on an errand.

Little Josle was overjoyed next morning when her mother told her they had decided to hire him to run the errands.

Next day, when Benny was going down the street, Josle beckoned him over, and tech him to her matheria. took him to her mother's room. She asked if he would like a home, where he would be well fed and clothed, and have

would be well fed and clothed, and have a place to sleep.

Benny was overjoyed at such a good fortune opening for him. He thanked the lady and her little girl for their kindness, and seemed perfectly well pleased, but in a moment his face clouded, and he said: "But what am I to do with my little with the latter of the latt I cannot leave him. He is iil,

and will need me."
"What friend?" asked the lady, inquiringly. "I thought you were an orphan, left alone, with none to care for you." "I am; but one day I saw a poor little boy thrown down by a policeman, and I have cared for him ever since, and I cannot leave him alone with no one to

I understand now," said the ladv. "Oh: I understand now, said the lady,"
and it is well of you to think of other
people before yourself; but I will have
him attended to directly. He shall be
sent to a hospital, where he may get
well. But all of this is owing to the kind act of yours, of which I saw, and from which I learned your character And now I will show you to your room, and yhen you have washed and dressed in the clothes up there, come down, and I will give you something to do to keep you out of mischief," added she, laughteet.

with Being came down he was actived in a very pretty vailor suit, and for once his face looked clean and his hair hung more gracefully about his shoulders. Mrs. Leslie then sent him to her husband's of-fice, where he was to amuse himself for the evening and get a little more ac-cuainted with the place and its master. His benefactor tried in every way to teach him the need of cleanliness, which he in vain endeavored to do. He was al-ways kind to the gentle little Josie, whom he leved as a sixter although far above

ways kind to the gentle little Josle, whom he loved as a sister, although far above him in his present station.

Days flew swiftly and pleasantly by for Bennie, who was delighted with his new home, and his benefactors were equally as well pleased with the ways of their little errand boy.

Eut what had happened to Bennie's little friend, you may ask. Mrs. Leslie had him sent to a hospital, where he lingered a few days and died. Bennie's sorrow was very great for he had learned to love the

very great for he had learned to love the little newstoy he had rescued.

Mra Lessle was so pleased with the gentle inoffensive ways of their little errand boy that she proposed to her husband adopting him, to which he readily assented.

Bennie was one morning informed by Bennie was one morning informed by Josis, who ran up to him, kissed and hugged him, saying: "You are to be my brother, and I am so glad," with which Eennie joined in. Then going up to his benefactors he put his hands into theirs, saying I hope I may be a good son to you for all you have done for me.
"I think you will," said Mr. Leslie, "or at least I hope you will try to be a kind brother to Josie, for I know she loves you."

"Yes, I do," said she, kissing him

with him," said she solemnly.

I will only add that Bennie lived a happy life with his parents and sister who had adopted him.

(By a Society Girl.) Oh, yes, I do know some things about them-have two of my own-that ought to give me some ideas on the subject This morning I was up early; could not sleep myself, and it suddenly dawned on me that my brothers were wasting the most precious moments of their lives in soul-stunting slumber. By this time I was wide awake, and was more con-vinced of the fact than ever. I was soon dressed and had on my tea gown, and with all the proverbs artfully woven in my speech. I started to wake the boys They were rather surprised, I think, at the sound of my voice. The clock had just struck eight, and they forgot at first to answer in their usual sleepy tones.
Just here, let me remark, that in business circles these same individuals are considered "wide awake" young men.
It only shows that the world has gitten so old as to need glasses. I reminded them of the early bird-nothing like be-ing original, you know-and related to them the blography of the traditional ant—not speaking of papa's sister, after whose death we all expect to go to Europe, it's only the money that is tra-ditional in our family—but the dear little The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years, which were sure to lay him up if not doctored at once. He finds that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is reliable. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs and restores the system to a healthy condition. If freely used as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has been contracted, and before it has been contracted, and in the system, it greatly lessens the attack, and often cures in a single day what would otherwise have been a severe cold.—Northwestern Hotel Reperter, Dee Moines, Iswa 50 cent better for calcs by Owens & Minor Drug creature who reproved the grasshopper so severely, and he afterwards went off so severely, and he afterwards went of and took some Scott's Emulsion and gained a pound a day. Dick remarked that as "man is but a worm" he did not care to be caught, while George made running commentaries in a series of snores. After knocking on the door for half an hour and profoundly reasoning for equally as long a time, I alammed the door, which, I think, had quite as much force as my words. After a while I came down stairs, meditating on how loud indeed must the voice be that would wake the dead. Then an idea grade me—you

see it is rather an unusual thing, so I am determined to carry it out.

On the library table is the household comfort, a book that will guarantee to give you any receipt from the making of a grand piano to a corn lotion, also a complete Encyclopaedia. At last I found the word "Brothers," and I uttered a smothered cry of "Eureka." for now I know I will learn something of the rising questions of the day. "Brothers," a name given to a group of six or eight rocky islets immediately outside the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, varying in height from 250 to 350 fret. "Now," rocky would never anyly to differ the strait of the control of the cries again: "Stop not for—Of ripening wheat! It comes! the—

evidently have never gotten their full growth, I closed the book in disgust. It would have been so easy for the party who wrote the book to have put something And now the lightning flercely-

The robin sees with glances-Her young ones come from left andreasonable in it.
Well! I think Dick is an argel, he always takes me to the theatre when I have no other engagement, and when I hear about the "dark eyed" stranger, he The welcome rain begins to-

Beneath soft wing's protecting— The birdlings chirp: "Will 't soon be-?

I spy the blue through opening-And look, sweet birdies, o'er the-A bow resplendent brightly-

have no other engagement, and when I hear about the "dark eyed" stranger, he never throws cold water on my enthusisem by saying he is a "bold unprincipled fellow," because he happens to owe him five dollars. Of course, he has his faults, Sometimes his feet become cloven and horns grow where his cow lick generally is, but he soon gets over his temper, and "Richard is himself again." But George has one great fault, he thinks he can sing. We really would not object to his views on the subject if he only would not mentions how very fond he is of music; then if no one asks him to sing (those who love and those who love themselves never do) he requests each person sever do he request seach person so force and he he had a the same time by signs, coughs and kicks to make some impression on George. But George hering to sing—let us not linger hering to sing—let us not linger To welcome me unto their home;
A scholar 9, 5, 1 and 2
I find him unto his instinct true,
Reading of 2, 9, 6 and 10
Of 5, 6, 7 and of men
Of note, as 9, 2, 7, 8
A king who nobly served his state.
After some hours of happy talk,
Down to my 5, 7, 3 we walk;
Exchange our farewell greetings there,
And both unto our homes repair,
And through our happy land my whole
you'll find,
Though out of sight, O keep them still in
mind.

56-HOUR GLASS. 

CROSSWORDS-1. Found. 2. An Eastern warrior. 3. A kind of lily. 4. A wa-ger. 5. A consonant. 6. Consumed. 7. An aromatic substance. 8. Flags. 9. A European city on the Zuider Zee. Central word—An affectionate remem-

67-DOUBLE MIDDLE ACROSTIC.

0 0 • • 0 0

and if each little cat had three little kits, How many kits would there be? To obtain unlawfully.

The left-hand acrostic, the acknowledg-

And if each little friend had three little day of reunions. 58-BURIED FISH.

1. Charles, hark! Can that be a bur-And if friends and dolls and cats and kits Were all invited to tea. And if none of them all should send regiar? . 2. Do you use tobacco? Dear me, I 3. Was that Adolph? I never would have

known him.
4. I am in no way obliged to him. 5. What routed them, any way? 6. And see Lillian, she is trying to get

This is the shortest month in the year, two.
7. Did you say I could not row? Ha!
let me take the oar.

11. Come, Ada, Cecelia is calling you.

friends. I shall expect some facts from you. Your Editor. My first is in Bessie, but not in Kate.

My fifth is in Ruth, but not in May. My sixth is in darkness, but not in ray. My seventh in Alice, but not 'n Rose. My eighth in enemy, but not in foes. My whole is a day of joy for nany a

My first is in Rose, but not in Lilly.
My second is in Edith, but not in Billy.
My third is in lady, but not in nan.
My fourth is in Sadie, but not in Dan.

paration for the glorious Easter, the most blessed of all the spring days. But February owns a bear that knows what the weather will be, it is said, and on Candlemas day (that is the day celebrated in the Catholic Church by the blessing of the candles to be used during the year), the 2d day of the month, he comes out of his cave and sniffs around. Should the day be sunshiny, Sir Bear scampers back to his lair again, for he knows— My eighth is in nephew, but not in

Dear Boys and Girls,-Owing to the

"Valentine" story and other reading for the children, crowds us a little, the names of those of you who sent me "facts" and who answered the questions will not ap-pear until next week. The "facts" come in rapidly, and I am proud to see what intelligent letters I am getting. Such gems of letters, too, some of you are gems of letters, too, some of you are sending me, and I read them and think how best I can interest and instruct you with much pleasure. YOUR EDITOR.

A man who has practiced medicine for forty years ought to know salt from su-gar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1857.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen,

—I have been in the general practice of
medicine for most forty years, and would
say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times, and its effect is

it a great many times, and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours truly,

L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,

Office, 215 Summit street.

We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop's,

Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

When she had children, sae gave them Car

What folly! To be without Busquan's

Athwart the sky is flaming-

Yes, clouds away begin to-

65-ENIGMA.

Tired, I dropped my 1, 7, 8, To 1, 5, 8, 9 soon was driven, To sail for 8, 9, 5 and 3 Ride o'er the waves right merrily, To see a 4, 8, 2 and 9. Who was an ancient friend of mine; Sweet odors as I reached his gate Rejoiced my 7, 6, 10 and 8. Surely a 9, 6, 4 and 2 Must 3, 5, 4, 8 to my view, But see, my friends, 4, 6, 3 come To welcome me unto their home; A scholar 9, 5, 1 and 2

mind.

brance-very seasonable just now.

1. A string for musical instruments. In the rear. 3. Thin pieces of timber. Digging for metals. 5. To renew ties.

And if each little maid had three little ment of avors.

The right-hand acrostic, bestowing. The two conjoined is the most delightful

I hope he will whip Ike.
But even if Ike is whipped, he give her ring back.
How I wish Ada could get it.

Dear "Resebud:" I've gussed both your puzzles, and they are so clever that I've put them in the paper for the benefit of some of your little

My second in twin, but not in mate. My third is in rudeness, but not in kind. My fourt is in faith, but not in mind.

girl and boy.
Your little friend, ROSEBUD.
February 10, 1893.

My fifth is in goos, but not in hen.
My sixth is in ink, but not in pen.
My seventh is in oil, but not in water. My whole should be the chief concern of mortals here below.

two conundrums, together with

(Then she was a Calle, see cried for Castoria. When she hecome Miss, see clung to Castori

WINTER GARMENTS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The picture shows some handsome garments for children from ten to twelve years.

That on the left is an eiderdown cloak with swanadown trinming and muff, the hat being of white felt, trimmed with black velvet and feathers. The next is a coat and dress of cloth, with sleeves, yoke and band of astrakhan. The third repsents a coat of heavy striped cheviot, with short puffed shoulder cape of satin or silk, with hat to match. The fourth is of cashmere, cut princesse, with border and bands of velutina.

SPARROWS, RATS AND ROOSTER. The Small Birds Beat the Rodents, but the Big Fowl Got Away With Them.

One morning last week a Scranton (Pa.)

man placed some grain on the snow in his

back yard for a flock of English sparrows that had been flying around the house in search of food a few moments before. He admires the sparrow for its pugnacity and determination to get a living, and while he was watching for the hungry birds to settle down on the bunches of grain four rats skipped from under the barn and went to nibbling at it. In a minute or so a flock of sparrows sailed into the yard peacefully alighted on the snow near the rats. alighted on the snow near the rats. They began to peck at the grain, and the rats paid no attention to them. Suddenly the sparrows started to chirp and squall spitefully. They had spied the stealers of their food, and at once they arose with startled eyes and swooped down on the startled eyes and swooped down on the sats stelling them with their wings and

rats, striking them with their wings and bills. Their attack was so vigorous and sudden that the rats became scared and scampered toward the barn. The spar-rows continued to dive and squall at them, and the rats, when they were within them, and the rats, when they were within two or three feet of the barn sill, turned on their angry antagonists and drove them back, sitting upon their hindquarters and squealing as the birds flew around. The sparrows rallied quickly, and again swooped down on the fourfooted thieves, and the rats dashed from under the fluttering wings, turned like a flash, and sprang up at the noisy birds. The sparrows scattered, and the pugnacious rats hopped to the bunch of grain and surrounded it. Again the sparrows dived and squalled at their enemies, and they made it so hot in a minute or two they made it so hot in a minute or two that the rats gave up and skedaddled

under the barn.
Instead of returning to the food the sparrows flew to and fro near the side of the barn, eyed the hole where the rats had gone out of sight, and appeared to be afraid that the little animals would skip out again. While the birds were flitting about and chirping triumphly a rooster strutted out of a coop near by and went to pecking the grain. The sparrows speedily gave battle to him, but he didn't turn tail. He gave them as good as they sent, and in the fight he knocked three of them stiff with his wings and spurs. Then the demoralized birds went squalling out of the yard, and immediately the rats skipped out and went to feeding on the grain with the rooster.—New York Sun. grain with the rooster.-New York Sun.

An Arizona Cattleman Recounts Some Experiences With the Ugly Reptile.

Mr. C. M. Bruce, who owns a big cattle ranch in Arizona, and has spent a baker's dozen of years riding over that country,

dozen of years riding over that country, has employed part of his time in studying the habits of that mysterious and uncanny beast of the desert, the Gila monster. He is spending a few days in San Francisco just now, and tells some blood-curding tales of the effects of its bite.

"There are many people down in that country," he says, "who don't believe that the Gila monster's bite is poisonous. There's something queer about that, too. I've known a good many cases in which the bad effects of the bite were trifling, and some in which there were no ill effects at all. And, then again, I've known some cases that were fatal, and some that were so ghastly in their results that when I look at that weird, grotesque reptile, and think of them. I can't help

that when I look at that weird, grotesque reptile, and think of them, I can't help a shivery sort of feeling about the heart, as if it were the reincarnation of some malevolent old witch.

"For instance, there was the case of a bar-keeper in Benson some years ago. He had a pet Gila monster that he kept in a box on the bar, and sometimes he would let it out and play with it. He would put one fineger in its mouth and drag it up and down the bar, and the thing seemed to enter into the fun and would hold back and wiggle its tail, and appear as pleased as a dog. I told him would hold back and wiggle its tail, and appear as pleased as a dog. I kold him once that he was taking great chances, and trat some day the monster would bite him, just as sure as fate. But he only laughed at the idea of its biting him—it knew him so well—and even if it should the health was a sure as fate. But he only laughed at the idea of its biting him—it knew him so well—and even if it should the health was the would be poison bite he didn't believe it would be poison-

"Well, one day he put his finger in its mouth when it didn't happen to feel good-natured, and it sent its teeth to the bone. Its jaws closed down like a vise, and the men in the saloon couldn't pry them open. It just sat there and blinked its wicked little eyes at them and held on, and they had to cut its head off before they could make it let go. That poor fel-low's arm soon began to swell, and he suffered intense pain in his arm and hand and in his back. And after a while the flesh began to shrivel and the muscles to become weak, and inside of three months the whole arm, from the shoulder down, was as shrivelled and helpless as a paralytic's. That was some four or five years ago, but his arm remains in that condition to this day, and there is no

years ago, but his day, and there is no prospect that he'll ever have the use of it. There was no permanently ill effect, nothing but the temporary pain, in any other part of his body.

"There was a fatal case at a little town on my ranch only a few days ago. A monster was confined in a box, and a vaquero came up and began teasing it and snapping his firgers at it through the slats in the top of the box. He angered the reptile, and presently it bit him and in half an hour he was dead.

"Then there was the case of Walter Vale, one of the wealthlest and best known eatile men in Arisons. He saw a big Gila measure when he was out on he was and thought he would canture.

it as a present for a friend. He beat it it as a present for a friend. He beat it over the head until he thought he had killed it, and then strapped it on behind his saddle. But these reptiles are as hard to kill as a cat. They have a queer habit of coming to life again after you are perfectly sure you have killed them. That is what this one did. By the time Vale got home he had forgotten all about the Gila behind his saddle. He put his hand back to dismount, and the thing's jaws closed down on his foreinger. He called to some of his men, and they ran to him and tried to pry the mouster's jaws open, but they couldn't make it let go, and finally they had to cut its head off and pry its mouth open with iron spikes.

spikes. "The first thing Mr. Vale did, even before he got his finger loose, was to send one of his men on a fresh horse to Pan-tano, the nearest railroad fown, thirty one of his men on a fresh horse to Fantano, the nearest railroad town, thirty miles away, to telegraph to Tucson for a physician to come on a special engine to Pantano, where he himself would meet him. Then he bound his wrist and his finger with leather thongs, and with his penknife cut the flesh around the bite. By that time a fresh horse had been saidled for him and he leaped upon its back and darted off on that terrible thirty-mile ride for his life. He rode the whole distance at a break-neck gallop, suffering much all the time from the tightly tied thongs. He had not gope more than half the distance when the poison began to make itself felt. Darting pains shot all through his body, he felt sore and weary and the pains in his back soon became excruciating. But he finally reached Pantano, and the doctor was only a few minutes later. His first question was, 'Have you taken any whisky?' and when Vale said he had not, the doctor assured him that he would pull him through. For all the physicians and the best-informed people in that region believe that whisky or any alcoholic drink, an graves the Gilla all the physicians and the best-informed people in that region believe that whisky or any alcoholic drink, ark-aves the Ghamonster's poison. Vale soon became delirious, but the doctor pulled him through and it wasn't long until he began to recover. I saw him three months afterward and he was not entirely well even then. But I believe he is as sound as ever now.

"There are not nearly so many Gila monsters down in that region as people generally think. In all the years I have seen only one in the wild state, although I have seen dozens wild state, although I have seen dozens of them in captivity. They are mostly encountered in the desert down toward Yuma and along the Gila river. My observation of the Gila monster has convinced me that if it is angry when it bites, its bite is going to do some damage. If it is very old, or very angry, or both, it will probably kill its victim, or injure him pretty badly. When it is young its venom seems to be less poisonous than when the reptile is older. And I also think that it loses some of its virulence if the animal is kept long in captivity."—New York Sun.

A Fair Agnostic.

When the arrow of Cupid first entered my heart,
I presented my fair with bouquets;
The amiable florist exhausted his art,
And my pocket, to pleasure her gaze,
With blossoms he twined her harps, an-

chors and ships,
And baskets of lofty erection;
And all for what purpose? With red,
curving lips,
She says that she doubts my affection.

With bon-bons I plied her, her heart !

assailed With sweetmeats of dainty repute; Butter scotch and burnt almonds has

Butter scotch and burnt almonus
palate regaled,
Candied flowers and crystalized fruit
Caramels, tutti-frutti, nougats
enough!
I sigh at the awful retrospection;
'Twas only to meet with a cruel rebuff;
She says that she doubts my affection. I wooed her with pets, too, her hard heart

to win; A parrot that ne'er was profane, A dazzing canary with musical dia, A monkey from over the main, A wonderful dog-on his hind legs he

walked

In any and every direction— Alas, after all, I but find I am balked; She says that she doubts my affection I've asked her to drive behind tandems

and pairs, Buggies, dog-carts and drags naught

A toboggan I've tried in the iclest airs,
I've taken her out for a sail;
I've toiled with my hands often times at

My blisters would shock your inspection; Now, tell me, what can a fond lover to

She says that she doubts my affection. I've written my passion in all forms of And sent it to her by the post.
To prove that I love must I ride in a hearse?
Or wander by night as a ghost?
Perhaps when I'm dead, with a stone at

Perhaps when I is
my head,
She may heave me a sigh of reflection
And lament for the day when she heartlessly said
She doubted my deathless affection.
—Samuel Minturn Peck.

A gentleman in Union county, Ma. who is too modest a man to have his name mentioned in the newspapers, was

cured or rheumatism by Chamberlai Pain Balm, after trying other medicin and treatments for thirteen years, cent bottles for sale by Owens & Min Drug Co. 1007 east Main atreet.